And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord *Mortimer*, & Cousin *Glendower*, will you sit down?
And Uncle *Worcester*; a plague upon it, I have forgot the Map.

*Glen.* No, heere it is; sit cousin *Percy*, sit, good cousin *Hotspur*; for by that name, as often as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh he wisheth you in Heaven.

*Hot.* And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* spoke of.

*Glen.* I cannot blame him; at my nativity,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mothers Cat had but kitned, though your selfe had never been borne.

*Glen.* I say, the Earth did shake when I was borne.

*Hot.* And I say, the Earth was not of my mind.
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

*Glen.* The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

*Hot.* Oh, then the Earth shooke to see the Heavens on fire,
And not in feare of your Nativity:
Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples downe
Steeples, and mosse-growne Towers, At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

*Glen.* Cousin; of many men
I doe not beare these crossings: give me leave
To tell you once againe that at my birth,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,